

CHIEF STARTER FATH'S STORY.

[illegible]

That company for Thirty-five Years
— before that the first is Stage and
that revenue was Back in 1818—

He was sent to find extracting stones about old-time New York at camp to 12 1/2 ft. east and the first river and a half mile later to the city. Later, of course, the day is back, but it is years ago that Sperry has been working for the oil business. He is the oldest employee of the company.

[illegible]

the treatment of all chronic diseases, including cancer. They furnish all medicines free, and their charges for treatment are so moderate that they are within the reach of all.

DOCTORS MCCOY AND WILDMAN,
Offices, 5 East 42d Street, New York,
where all curable cases are treated with success.
It opens fire at a distance, and a prompt black
"constitution" at once by mail from charges.
Office hours—9 to 11 A. M., 2 to 4 P. M., New York.
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AMUSEMENTS.

MANHATTAN BEACH.
William's Band,
WITH
MISS ALICE POTTER, Soprano,
MISS VICTOR LOUIS, Tenor, and
the Wonderful Hokey Coonists.

Brock's Crystal Palace

FIREWORKS.

TO-NIGHT, AT 8.15.
THE HATTLE OF LARK HURLE
FOUGHT AGAIN THE GRAND AND
REFINED
THE NIAGARA OF FIRE.
The Turret of Smoke and
MARVELLOUS AERIAL DISPLAY
OF FIREWORKS.
The Turret of Smoke and
THE AERIAL WHIRLWIND.
THE CLIMBING OF FAIRYLAND,
THE TITANIC MARSHALLING.

ELDORADO.

COOL — A PICTURE — DELIGHTFUL
CONCERT — AT 8.15. Concert at Band at 8.15.
The Turret of Smoke and
Firework and Concert at 10.15.

Take West 42nd, 10th, 14th, Barclay and Christie
place at 10.15. The Turret of Smoke and
Firework and Concert at 10.15.

TO-NIGHT and every evening at 8.15 o'clock.
"PAINFUL FIREWORKS."

"VENICE"

KATHA, THE LITTLE NIGHT.
WEST BRITON.

Sea bath passengers admitted at reduced rates.

KENTUCKE BRIDLS. SUNDAY NIGHT
MONS. DUFORD AND MRS. HARTLEY.
 S. A. REVELL.
 Chandel Electric from Les Ambassadeurs, Paris.
 VIRGIL BURQUELEY. NOVEMBER.
 GARDEN THEATRE. TO-NIGHT AT 8 P.M.
 Matinee To-Day at 2.
Sinbad. AMERICAN EXTRAAGANZA CO.
 GENERAL BROADWAY AND 34TH ST.
 CASINO. BROADWAY AND 34TH ST.
THE VICE ADMIRAL. AT 8 P.M.
 Roof Garden Concert Nightly and Sunday.
 Admission Free, including both entertainments.
THE ADAM. BROADWAY AND 34TH ST.
 ROOF GARDEN AND POWER.
 Dramatic Orchestral Concerts
 at 8 P.M. and 10 P.M.
 Admission to all, 50 cts., 8 P.M., to 15 cts.
HELVETIA. MAISON SQUARE THEATRE.
 Evening 8.30. SATURDAY MATINEES AT 2.
 Continued success—2500 to 3500 Performances.
A TRIP TO CHINATOWN.
 14th St. Music Hall and Alhambra Court.
 104 and 106 East 14th St.
 THE CHINESE THEATRE.
 Plays Every Afternoon and Evening.

save Tom. Ah, the rope!" She laid her
purty hand on her throat. "To die!—to

"I seen she knowed somethin' and I wuz ez he thought an thought."

"I told 'em how much I'd been with an aunt up Saginaw and knew naw'n' uv the trip." He looked at Tom an' his word or so 'fud. Mariposa said they're there six or ten days. Mariposa got off fairly from them, an' camped, wore crutches, in that lonely place. She wanted word from Tom to come back; sent Tom Montez to tell him, but had nary answer. So, by that, I seen Tom likewise knowed something too. Wut did the feller mean? Wuz that some'un he wouldn't give away?

I saw Mr. Plum glad I never guessed nigh the truth or I'd 'ben on the horns of a dilemma—or whichever—never the poet sez 'bout it—and yv ridin' right straight ter court wit her.

Then Sheriff Hild set on Tom ter hold him w'en he first sez Mariposa come in.

"Seneor," sez he, out uv breath, "I did it, nat Tom. Here's the peested. He gets it ne long time. I can proof. That day, he took I axed after him any more. Tom jost ride away from me an' Diaz on behint—I see heem draw bees gun. I come not see. I shoot quick—then Tom

yv bet time! I wuz a-lookin' at the patch uv sky twixt the under-shade an' the foothills. I am see its deep purple yit."

"It wuz dark a'most inside."

"Tome!" Her voice rings in my ears yit. She didn't need ter say naw'n' but his name—the wuz a bull story.

"But not the rope!" she whispered.

That wuz a quick stretch through the dusk like a flash uv giant powder; Tom an' the Sheriff jumped ter ketch her. Tom kissed her afore the breath left her.

That Mariposa Summer wuz nigh twenty year ago, children. Run along; story about Injuns next time.

Wouder of I'd orter told them kids Tom wuz that pap. No'p. They might thought their maw wuz a squatter on another woman's claim—an she's a good sort too.

W'u'dn't wonder if Tom clem forgot that little gal! Waul af, if she hadn't guess he'd be gun nigh quick an' shot dead. He'd gun nigh quick an' shot dead. Tom w'u'd uv been the dead man stand uv poor little Mariposa—*M. S. Paden, in Short Stories.*

"Wuz Tom. Ah, the rope!" She had her party band on her throat. "To die!—to see sun an' flowers an' hear birds to kiss—no more!" The cold, dark ground—the worms!—I could feel her shiver agin me as I spurred back to town. Best we could, a carryin' double.

I seen she knowed somethin', and I wuz didd at the idee uv savin' Tom. She didn't tell me much—she'd been with an aunt up Saginaw and knowed nawthin' uv the trail. Her folks sent her nary word or kep' her off purpus, 'they're the shy us law. Mariposa did'd fall'n from them an' camped, more critter, in that lonely place. She wanted word from Tom to cum back; sent Tony Montez to tell him, but had nary answer. So, by that, I seen Tom likewise knowed somethin' too. Wut did the feller mean? Wuz that someth'n' he woudn't give away?

I saw I'm plum glad I never guessed nigh the truth or I'd ben on the horns of a dyllemmor or—whichever—never the poet sez 'bout it—st-d up ridin' right straight ter court with her.

Ther Sheriff 'll ter set on Tom ter hold him wun he first see Mariposa cum in.

"Sensor," sez he, out uv breath. "I did it, n'et Tom. Here's the need. He giv' it me long time. I can proof. That day, he think I ax'n't after him anymore, he bust ride away from me an' I laiz kam behind—I see heem draw bees gun. T'ome not see. I shoot quick—then Tome

shakes marks on paper like a nest of rattlers laid loose. The Judge stopped chawin' gum; Tom's lawyer unjined himself an' the prosecutor's forrid, unbited bigger ez he thought an thought.

"Fer me," Mariposa wound up, "the rope—I c'd feel her shiver agin me!" the stillness, the cold, wet earth—the worms—but not for Tome."

By that time I wuz a-lookin' at the patch uv sky twixt the winter-shade an' the foothills. I kin see its deep purple yit.

It wuz dark a'most inside.

"Tome!" Her voice rings in my ow ears yit. She didn't need ter say nawthin', but his name—the wuz a ball story.

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W'u'd'n wonder if Tom clem forgot that little gal! Waa, waa, if she hadn't drawed her gun mighty quick an' shot old Diaz. Tom w'u'd uv been the dead man stand uv poor little Mariposa—*M. S. Paden, in Short Stories.*